Prologue: The Calm Before the Storm

The realms, once ravaged by the chaos of war, now knew a brief respite. The echoes of the battle with Itarim’s apostles had finally faded, and the multiverse breathed in the silence that followed. The surviving worlds, scarred but not broken, found themselves at a crossroads. Peace, though fragile, was a gift that was never taken for granted, for the price of it had been steep.

In one such realm, Sung Su-Ho stood at the pinnacle of his strength. The son of the legendary Sung Jinwoo, he had inherited far more than his father’s will to fight. Su-Ho had become the Monarch of Destruction, a title earned through his unimaginable strength and his bond with the ancient Dragon Emperor's Heart. As the Dragon Monarch, he had unlocked the ability to transform into a majestic blue dragon, its shimmering scales a symbol of his dominance over destruction itself. He could feel the pulse of the world under his feet, and with every beat of his wings, the air around him shifted in awe of his power.

Though this power made him a protector of worlds, it was also a reminder of the ever-present danger that lingered at the edges of existence. Su-Ho had learned to wield his strength with wisdom, but even the most powerful of monarchs couldn’t guarantee peace forever. For now, however, he found solace in the quiet moments with his family. He had married Lee Hye-Seo, his love and partner, and together they had two children: Sung Ye-Jun and Sung Ye-Rin. Their laughter filled their home, a stark contrast to the battlefield Su-Ho had once known.

But deep down, he understood the reality of his existence. His duty to the multiverse would never cease. A monarch’s peace was always temporary, and no amount of happiness could shield him from the weight of his responsibilities.

Meanwhile, across the boundless reaches of the multiverse, Sung Jinwoo, the Shadow Monarch, wandered alone. His presence was a force of nature—a being who transcended the boundaries of life and death, woven into the very fabric of existence itself. Jinwoo’s journey had not ended with the defeat of Itarim’s apostles. His mission was far greater. The Absolute Being, the entity that had once upheld the balance of the multiverse, had fallen. Its death had left a void that threatened to unravel the very structure of reality.

The Absolute Being’s fragments were scattered across the infinite realms, each piece locked away in the deepest corners of existence. Jinwoo understood the urgency of his quest. Without someone to take its place, the multiverse would be vulnerable to endless invasions and chaotic forces far beyond what the world had faced before. The balance that had kept everything in harmony for eons was fragile, and without the Absolute Being, the multiverse was doomed to fall into eternal disorder.

Jinwoo’s search took him to worlds that were unfamiliar, each realm with its own set of dangers. He had encountered beings that sought to challenge him, but none had come close to threatening his power. Yet with each passing realm, he knew the

stakes were growing higher. The fragments of the Absolute Being were more than just pieces of a broken entity—they were the key to the survival of all worlds.

While Jinwoo sought the missing pieces of the Absolute Being, Su-Ho stood vigilant in his own realm. The multiverse had learned to breathe once again, but the winds of change were stirring. A presence, ancient and menacing, began to rise in the shadows. The air crackled with foreboding energy, and even the mighty Dragon Monarch felt it. Su-Ho’s instincts, honed through years of training and battle, screamed that something was wrong.

The Monarch of Destruction could sense it—the balance was shifting. Something, or someone, was about to tip the scales of power once more. But who, or what, was behind it? And what did it mean for his family, his world, and the multiverse itself?

In the silence between the battles, an ominous presence stirred.